

# Gunner Depew

By  
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## CHAPTER XVI.

### Captured by the Moewe.

When the tugs had cast off and after a while we had dropped our pilot, I said to myself: "Now we are off, and it's the States for me—end of the line—far as we go—IF—" But the "if" did not look very big to me, though I could see it with the naked eye all right.

I got up about four o'clock the next morning, which was Sunday, December 10, 1916—a date I do not think I will ever forget.

As soon as I was dressed I went down to the fore-castle peak and from there into the paint locker, where I found some rope. Then back again on deck, and made myself a hammock, which I rigged up on the boat deck, figuring that I would have a nice sun bath, as the weather had at last turned clear.

As soon as I had the hammock strung I went down to the baker and had a nice chat with him—and stole a few hot buns, which was what I was really after—and away to the galley for breakfast. I was almost exactly amidships, sitting on an old orange box. I had not been there long when Old Chips, the ship's carpenter, stuck his head in the door and sang out, "Ship on the starboard bow." I did not pay any attention to him, because ships on the starboard bow were no novelty to me, or on the port either. Chips was not crazy about looking at her, either, for he came in and sat on another box and began scoffing. He said he thought she was a tramp and that she flew the British flag astern.

I ate all I could get hold of and went out on deck. I stepped out of the galley just in time to see the fun. The ship was just opposite us when away went our wireless and some of the boats on the starboard side, and then, boom! boom! and we heard the report of the guns. I heard the shrapnel whizzing around us just as I had many a time before. I jumped back in the galley and Chips and the cook were shaking so hard they made the pans rattle.

When the firing stopped I went up to the boat deck. I had on all of my clothing, but instead of shoes I was wearing a pair of wooden clogs. The men and boys were crazy—rushing around the deck and knocking each other down, and everybody getting in everybody else's way. We lowered our Jacob's ladders, but some of the men and boys were already in the water. Why they jumped I do not know.

Then the German raider Moewe headed right in toward us and I thought she was going to ram us, but she backed water about thirty yards away. She lowered a lifeboat and it made for the Georgic, passing our men in the water as they came and crashing them on the head with boat-

the first thing I knew, I was kicked off into the sea. I slipped off my trousers and coat and clogs, and, believe me, it was not a case of all dressed up and no place to go!

Then I swam hard and caught up to the Limeys who had jumped first. They were asking each other if they were downhearted and answering, "Not a bit of it, me lads," and trying to sing, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," only they could not do much singing on account of the waves that slipped into their mouths every time they opened them. That was just like Limeys, though.

Some of the boys were just climbing up the Jacob's ladder on the Moewe when the old Georgic let out an awful roar and up went the deck and the hatches high in the air in splinters. One fellow let go his hold on the ladder and went down and he never came up. The Germans were making for the Moewe in the lifeboat and we reached it just before they did. Up the ladder we went and over the side and the first thing we caught sight of was the German revolvers in our faces drilling us all into line.

The lifeboat brought back the ship's papers from the Georgic and we had roll call. They kept us up on deck in our wet underwear and it was very cold indeed. Then the first mate and the old man and one of the German officers called off the names and we found we had fifty missing.

The Boche commander had gall enough to say that he was not there to kill men but to sink all ships that were supplying the allies! He said England was trying to starve Germany, but that they would never succeed and that Germany would starve the allies very soon.

After roll call some of us asked the Germans for clothes, or at least a place to dry ourselves in, but Fritz could not see us for the dust on the ocean and we just had to stand there and shiver till we shook the deck, almost. Then I went and sat down on the pipes that feed the deck winches. They had quite a head of steam in them and I was beginning to feel more comfortable when I got a good clout alongside of the head for sitting there and trying to keep warm. I was a German garby and he started calling me all the various kinds of schwein-hunde he could think of and he could think of a lot.

Finally they mustered us all on another part of the deck, then drilled us down into the fore-castle and read the martial law of Germany to us. At least I guess that is what it was. It might have been the "Help Wanted—Dog Catchers" column from the Berlin Lokal Taggabelle for all most of us knew or cared. It shows what cards the Germans are—reading all those four-to-the-pound words to us shivering gables, who did not give a dime a dozen whether we heard them or not. Fritz is like some other hot sketches—he is funniest when he does not mean to be. Every German is a vaudeville skit when he acts natural.

There were hammocks there and we jumped into them to get warm, but the Germans came down with their revolvers and bayonets and took the hammocks away and poured water on the decks and told us to sleep there. They could not have done a worse trick than that.

Then they put locks on the portholes and told us that anyone caught fiddling with the locks would be shot at once. This was because we might sight a British or French man-of-war at any time and as the Moewe was sailing under the British flag and trying to keep out of trouble they did not want us at the ports signaling our own warships for help. If they had bucked any of the allied ships and had a fight we would have died down there like rats.

The Moewe had already captured the Voltair, Mount Temple, Cambrian Range and the King George and had the crews of these vessels between decks with us. These men told us how the Germans were treating them and it looked to me as though the evening would be spent in playing games and a pleasant time would be had by all—not.

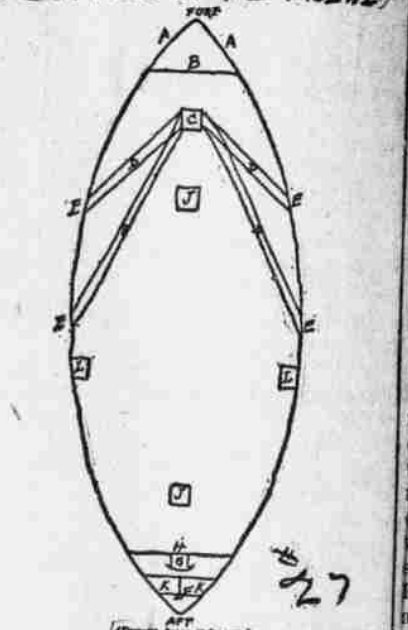
The crew of the Mount Temple were on deck working when the raider suddenly opened fire on them. Two or three men jumped into the water and the Germans turned a gun on them while they were swimming and killed them. That was just a sample of what had happened to them.

The men now began running up and down in a line to keep warm, but I took a little run on my own hook and treated myself to as much of a once-over of the ship as I could. I do not believe the Moewe had more than a three-fourths-inch armor plate, but behind that she had three rows of pig iron, which made about a foot in thickness. There was nothing but cable strung along the deck and when I saw that I would have given anything to have had a crack at her with a 14-inch naval. And I sure wished hard enough that one of our ships would slip up on us, whether we were caught between decks or not. I went aft as far as the sentry would let me and I saw that she had three spare six-inch guns under the poop deck and two six-inch

pieces mounted astern. The guns were mounted on an elevator and when the time came they ran the elevator up until the guns were on a level with the poop deck, but otherwise they were out of sight from other ships.

For our first meal they slung a big feed bag half full of ship biscuit—hardtack—to us and some dices of tea. After this festival we began roaming up and down the deck again, because it was the only way to keep warm. I guess we looked like some of the advertisements in magazines, where they show a whole family sitting around a Christmas tree in their

DECK PLAN OF THE 'MOEWE'



A—Armor plate drops, placing 6-in. guns.  
B—Fore-castle peak.  
C—Ammunition hold.  
D—Torpedo tube rails.  
E—Torpedo tubes.  
F—Poop deck.  
G—Aft wheelhouse.  
H—Deck house.  
J—Holds.  
K—Disappearing guns aft, mounted on elevator.  
L—Sea gates.

underwear and telling each other that Whosis Unions—the Roony Kind—were just what they wanted from Sany. Only we did not have any have looked funny, though, and I would have had a good laugh if I had not been so cold.

We could not go to sleep because the decks were wet, nor could we sit down with any comfort for the same reason. Besides, we thought we might buck up against a British or a French cruiser at any minute and most of us thought we would stay up and get an eye full before we started for Davy's well-known locker.

About two bells the following morning the Moewe's engines began to groan and shake her up a bit and we could hear the blades jump out of the water every once in a while and tear away. She went ahead in this way for some time and we were hoping she was trying to get away from a cruiser and some of us were pulling for the cruiser to win and others hoping the Moewe would get her heels clear and keep us from getting ours.

The Huns were running up and down the deck yelling like wild men and one of our men began to yell too. He was delicious and after he yelled a bit he jumped up and made a pass at the sentry, who shot at him but missed. The shot missed me too, but not very much. Then they dragged the delirious man up on deck and Lord knows what they did with him, because we never saw him again. But we did not hear any sound that they might have made in shooting him.

Then the Huns began shelling and they kept it up for some time.

Then they ordered us up on deck to see the ship they had been firing at and when we came up the companion way they were just bringing the other ship's skipper aboard. It was the French collier St. Theodore, hove to off the starboard side with a prize crew from the Moewe aboard and wiggling to the raider.

Then the Huns began shouting and they roused us below deck again. The place where we had been was filled with smoke, from what or why I do not know, but it was almost impossible to breathe in it. When the smoke cleared up a bit the Marathon started again, for we were still in our underwear only. One of the boys had asked Fritz for clothing and Fritz said the English had tough enough skins and they did not need clothing. Then he said: "Wait until you see what our German winters are like."

The following morning the engines began to tear away again and the guns started firing. After a while the firing stopped and the engines too, and after an hour they had the old man of the Yarrowdale aboard. She was a British ship chartered by the French and bound for Brest and Liverpool with a very valuable cargo aboard—airplanes, ammunition, food and automobiles.

When they roused us on deck again the St. Theodore was still in sight, but she had the Yarrowdale for company. Both were trailing behind us and keeping pretty close on. While we were on deck we saw the German sailors at work on the main deck making about

ten rafts and when they began to place tins ofhardtack on the rafts, a tin to each, we imagined they were going to leave us over the side and let us go on the rafts. But instead they began telling us we would land in the States and then they roused us between decks again.

We had only been there a short time when some of the German officers came down and asked if any of the men would volunteer to go firing on the Yarrowdale and we almost mobbed them to take us. They began putting down the names of the men who were to go and I talked them into putting me down too. Then I felt about five hundred pounds lighter.

Five o'clock came and by that time I had forgotten to do any worrying. We received our usual rations and lost of us who had volunteered figured that we would receive clothes and shoes. In the morning an officer came down below and read out the names of those who were to go and I felt even lighter when he called mine. We were each given a life belt and mustered on deck.

The sea was pretty nasty and some of the men had narrow escapes from falling between the Moewe and the lifeboats when the swells rocked us. The man fell from the ladder and broke his neck on the gunwale of the lifeboat. They took over board after that to the Yarrowdale until finally we were all there. Then they mustered us on deck and warned us not to start anything, because they had a time bomb in the engine room and two on the bridge. Meantime they had brought over several boatloads ofhardtack and we threw it into No. 3 hold. This was to be our food for some time.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### Landed in Germany.

They had a coolie crew on the Yarrowdale and when they routed them on deck the coolies began to pray, and though it is nothing to laugh at I could not help but chuckle at the way some of them went about talking to their various gods. They were beginning to smell danger and were pretty nervous. Every one of the coolies had a cane and a pair of Palm Beach trousers. The Huns were loading them in the lifeboats to be taken back to the Moewe with their sea bags and one of them got too nervous and was slow about getting into the lifeboat, so the Germans shot him without saying a word.

Then the Germans called out the names of those who had volunteered to go stoking and this included me. We were drilled down the fiddle into the fire room. The fiddle is a shaft that runs from the main deck of a ship to the engine room. I looked around a bit and saw a German standing not very far from the fiddle, so I asked him if we were to have shoes. He said no. Then I asked him if we had to fire in our bare feet and he said yes—that we did not need shoes. Then he went into the engine room.

I looked at the narrow passage he went through and at the narrow passage of the fiddle to the main deck and I talked to my feet like I used to at Dixmude. I said: "Feet, do your duty." They did it and I flew up the fiddle. I never wanted to see that stoke hole again.

I sneaked up to where the rest of the fellows were and the guards drilled us into No. 4 hold. There was nothing but ammunition in it. They battened the hatches down on us, which made the hold waterproof. And



"Feet, Do Your Duty."

as that made it practically airtight the only air the 580 of us got was through the ventilators. That hold was certainly foul.

They next day some of the men had got cigarettes somewhere. In a few minutes they as well as the rest had lit up and were puffing away in great style. I divided a cigarette with another fellow. Remember, we were sitting and standing on ammunition all this time. It shows how much we cared whether school kept or not.

The Germans saw the smoke coming out of the ventilators and they were crazy with fright. A gang of them laid below and roused us out with whips.

They lined us up on deck and read us the riot act.

They drilled us down into the coal bunkers. It was simply terrible there. Coal dust to breathe and eat and sleep on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## Low Meat Prices vs. High Cattle Prices

If the farmer cannot get enough for his live stock, he raises less, and the packer gets less raw material.

If the consumer has to pay too much for his meat, he eats less of it, and the packer finds his market decreased.

The packer wants the producer to get enough to make live-stock raising profitable, and he wants the price of meat so low that everyone will eat it.

But all he can do, and what he would have to do in any case to stay in business, is to keep down the cost of processing the farmer's stock into meat so that the consumer pays for the meat and by-products only a little more than the farmer gets for his animals.

Forexample, last year Swift & Company paid for its cattle about 90 per cent of what it got for meat and by-products (such as hides, tallow, oils, etc.)

If cattle from the farm were turned miraculously into meat in the hands of retailers (without going through the expense of dressing, shipping and marketing), the farmer would get only about 1 1/8 cents per pound more for his cattle, or consumers would pay only about 2 1/4 cents per pound less for their beef!

Out of this cent or two per pound, Swift & Company pays for the operation of extensive plants, pays freight on meats, operates refrigerators, maintains branch houses, and in most cases, delivers to retailers all over the United States. The profit amounts to only a fraction of a cent, and a part of this profit goes to build more plants, to give better service, and to increase the company's usefulness to the country.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

### Everything Gone.

At a friend's dinner table little Harold was told to wait as there was no room for him. Spying a dish of chicken he whispered: "Mother, there might be no chicken left. His mother replied: 'Of course there will. They will leave some for manners.'"

Later a man reached for the last piece of chicken and Harold cried out: "Mother, Mr. Smith took manners and all."

### KIDNEY SUFFERERS HAVE FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

Swamp-Root is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. According to verified testimony it is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you will find it on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Otherwise Peaceful.  
"Was it a military dinner?"  
"Just a suggestion of the military. We shelled the nuts."

Pleasant Politics.  
"I hear a lot of pretty girls voted this year." "Yes, I enjoyed getting out the vote."

A girl never graduates until she has learned to stab a pickle with a hat pin.

### Not Frederick!

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid-faced woman.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband. Has there?"

"M'm" she ejaculated, turning to look at a little meek man sitting behind her. "Frederick? I'd like to see him compulse me."

### Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletchman*  
In Use for Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

### Making Things Worse.

It was at a party. He slipped up and tweaked her ear. She turned her head.

"Beg pardon," he stammered. "I thought it was my wife."

"It is quite all right," the lady replied.

"You see," he went on, "we sometimes get the wrong sow by the ear."

And that was about all for him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

### Like Producing Like.

"It was a great send-off they gave Jimmy, wasn't it?" "Yes, and there'll be a comeback, too."

Infections or Inflammations of the Eyes, whether from external or internal causes, are promptly healed by the use of Roman Eye Salve at sight upon retiring. Adv.

It is better for a man to do a little kicking than to develop into a human football.

Don't think that the man who is always on the run wins the most of life's races.



They Crashed Them on the Head With Boat Hooks.

books when they could reach them. I noticed that there were red kegs in the German boat.

When the lifeboat reached the Jacob's ladders I went over to the port side of the Georgic and then the Germans came over the side and hoisted up the kegs. The Germans were armed with bayonets and revolvers. Some of them went down into the engine room and opened the sea cocks. About this time some of the Limeys came up from the poop deck and I told them to stay where I was and that the Germans would take us over in lifeboats. Another squad of Germans hoisted eight of the dynamite kegs on their shoulders and down into No. 5 hold with them.

Mean time the Germans saw us up on the boat deck and came up after us. And over went the Limeys. But I waited and one or two more waited with me. When the Germans came up to us they had their revolvers out and were waving them around and yelling, "Gott strafe England!" and talking about "schwein-hunde." Then,